

THE RURAL



REPOSITORY.

DEVOTED TO POETIC LITERATURE, SUCH AS MORAL AND SENTIMENTAL TALES, ORIGINAL COMMUNICATIONS, BIOGRAPHY, TRAVELING SKETCHES, AMUSING MISCELLANY, HUMOROUS AND HISTORICAL ANECDOTES, SUMMARY, POETRY, &c.

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SELECT TALES.

The Expiation.

GERALDINE was young and beautiful.—No careful mother had taught her to curb the wild exuberance of her romantic fancy, or to regulate her conduct, by the strict rules of female etiquette, for she was early left an orphan. Possessed of an ardent imagination and a buoyancy of feeling, which as yet, had never known the influence of sorrow, she followed without restraint the impulses of her feelings, and the dictates of her own fancy; and well for Geraldine that nature had bestowed on her a benevolent heart and noble sentiments; for they often supplied to her the place of discretion, and more than atoned for the errors of her judgment. There was a fascination in her look, a charm about every thing she said and did, that silenced rebuke, and not unfrequently attracted wisdom and prudence to the side of youthful folly.

At sixteen, Geraldine was in love—at least, she fancied herself so; and her cousin, Montgarnier, who was nearly as gay and whimsical as herself, worshipped the little idol who was at once his delight and his torment. He was the partner of all her wild schemes and childish frolics, and not unfrequently her agent in acts of true benevolence and noble generosity; for fortune too, had been liberal of her gifts to Geraldine, and her warm and feeling heart delighted to dispense happiness to others. He never dreamed of disputing her will, and she was certain of implicit obedience when she issued a command or hinted a wish to Montgarnier. He had often told her how dearly he loved her, and, as she never rebuked him, he imagined she loved him in return; and so thought Geraldine, though the idea of marriage never disturbed her tranquillity, for she never gave it a thought. Happy would it have been for Montgarnier—at least he then thought so, if Geraldine had never seen the graceful Fitzroy. He was a stranger from England, and was introduced to the house of the friends with whom she resided. Fitzroy was charmed with her beauty—his imagination

was fascinated by the playful sallies of her wit—her ingenious simplicity and noble frankness won his esteem while the proof of sensibility and tenderness which appeared through all her giddiness, completed her conquest over his heart. He devoted himself entirely to her; and now, Geraldine in reality loved, and with love came reflection. She felt she must be miserable, if deprived of Fitzroy's affection; and this conviction led her to review her own conduct towards Montgarnier.

'I fear,' sighed Geraldine, 'he loves me too well; and must I make him unhappy? I, for whom he would make any sacrifice, to whom he has given so many proofs of attachment! Till now, I never imagined I could love any one better than my cousin; yet I knew not my own heart when I permitted him to talk to me of love. I could now never be happy in marriage with him. I will give him my full confidence; he is generous and amiable; he will pity, he will resign, but he will not condemn me!'

Montgarnier had kept aloof from the time he perceived Fitzroy's love for Geraldine, and the latter, absorbed in her own passion, had scarcely noticed the youth. In pursuance of her resolution, Geraldine sought an interview with her cousin, and with her usual frankness, proposed to speak, though not without extreme pain, of the state of her feelings.

'Say nothing, lovely Geraldine,' interrupted the generous youth, 'I know all you would utter. It was but the affection of a sister that you felt for me. I am not worthy to aspire to the hand of Geraldine, but I may still love her as a sister, still reverence her as the loveliest of her sex.' Be happy with Fitzroy; and remember, when at a distance, that Montgarnier's fervent prayers are offered for the felicity of both! Geraldine melted into tears, and left the noble boy with feelings of deep respect.

'It was a few days previous to that appointed for her bridal, that Geraldine again met Montgarnier by accident, and was listening to his reiterated and respectful wishes for her happiness, with softened feelings and a moistened eye. Geraldine was happier for this meeting,

for it assured her that he would endeavor to conquer his youthful attachment, and, in time, regard her merely as a friend. But one had witnessed that interview, on whose mind it made a deeply painful impression. Fitzroy had wandered out in search of Geraldine, and saw her in a retired walk, conversing with Montgarnier; he saw she was weeping, but heard not their discourse; he turned, and left the spot; but the idea that the youth might have been a lover, perhaps a favored one, haunted his fancy. Yet when he again met his beautiful Geraldine, her ingenious smile and fascinating gaiety restored peace to his bosom.

'It is all folly,' said he, as he dismissed the last throb of jealous feeling from his heart; 'is she not wholly mine, and is she not irresistibly lovely?'

The bridal day arrived, and the slightly pensive thought, and beautiful modesty, which displaced the smiles and dimples on the cheek of Geraldine, rendered her more than usually charming; and Fitzroy was at the summit of happiness. It was decided that they were to sail the day after their union to England, as affairs of importance urged his return to his own country; and Geraldine willingly consented to quit her native land, and the scenes of her childhood, happy in the love of one being, who was now the whole world to her.

The marriage ceremony was over—festive gaiety reigned throughout the mansion, when suddenly Fitzroy missed his bride from among the lovely groups that had surrounded her; and thinking she had strayed into the garden to avoid the bustle of the scene, he sought her there, and having wandered to its farthest extremity, he beheld Geraldine leaning against a tree; her fair hands were crossed over her brow; beside her stood a youth—it was Montgarnier! Presently Geraldine turned, as if to depart. Fitzroy maddened by jealous agony, rushed frantically forward. Montgarnier perceiving his approach, stood calmly awaiting him. The sight of Fitzroy's infuriated countenance and gestures took from Geraldine the power of utterance. Fitzroy cast on her a look of rage and contempt,

and with frantic violence, bade Montgarnier prepare to meet him, to decide the fate of one of them.

'Insolent stripling,' he furiously exclaimed, 'thus on my bridal day, to dare my vengeance!'

'Fitzroy,' answered Montgarnier, 'I will never raise my hand against the husband of Geraldine.'

'*Her husband!*' madly repeated Fitzroy, 'I disclaim the title. Here we part forever! Madam, I give you back your worthless vows. I claim my own. What is an idle ceremony which your heart disavows? Henceforward we are strangers.'

'Hear but a moment,' she faintly uttered; but Fitzroy scorned to listen.

He again repeated his challenge to Montgarnier, which was by the latter calmly, and with firmness, declined.

Stung with madness, Fitzroy rushed from the garden; and Geraldine, in a state of mind which beggars description, reached the house, and gained the privacy of her own apartment. To one friend only did the forsaken bride communicate her anguish, and its cause; to all others, sudden indisposition was alleged as an excuse for her absence. To this dear friend the protectress of her youth, she confessed she met Montgarnier by appointment, to give and receive a last farewell; that in parting with him, she felt as if bidding adieu to a dear and only brother, and that Montgarnier claimed from her only a sister's love.

This was the first affliction Geraldine had ever known. Her agony at the mistake, and consequent conduct of Fitzroy, nearly deprived her of her senses. Her fears for his safety, and for that of Montgarnier, completed her misery.

After some hours of suspense, a note came from Montgarnier. He bade her be under no apprehension, for he would never meet Fitzroy with hostile views; that he had sought Fitzroy on board the ship which was to convey him to England, but he refused to see him, or to listen to an explanation, unless Montgarnier would first accept his challenge.

A sudden thought darted across Geraldine's mind, and in all probability, saved her from distraction. It was to follow Fitzroy, nay, to sail in the same ship with him, and keep him in ignorance of her being near him.

'When arrived in England,' argued Geraldine, 'I shall be enabled to convince him of my truth and his injustice. I owe him some expiation for the misery he now feels. Montgarnier, the kind, the noble Montgarnier, will aid my enterprise.'

To the fears which her friends expressed for her safety and comfort, she only answered;

'Heaven will protect me; it is my duty. The holiest bonds have united us—fate only can work our separation.'

An agreement was privately made with the captain of the ship, whose sailing was delayed a day longer. In the darkness of night, Geraldine went on board, taking with her only one female servant, and bade adieu to her native land with a heart vibrating between hope and fear. Fitzroy, secluded in his cabin, a prey to all the tortures of jealous love, little suspected that his wife was so near him. On his asking who his neighbor was, the captain informed him that the cabin was engaged by an invalid lady, who seldom came on deck.

Geraldine had often heard Fitzroy mention an aunt he had in England. To her Geraldine determined to go, and engage her to assist her in proving to Fitzroy her innocence, and her unbounded love. She determined to keep him in ignorance of her being in England, and when time had blunted the keenness of his resentment, she would reveal herself, and explain all.

'He who could doubt me,' she said to herself, 'deserves to suffer some suspense.'

Fitzroy's curiosity was a little excited by the mystery which enveloped the 'invalid lady.' He never saw her except by catching an accidental glimpse as she went on deck when he had retired to his cabin, and then she was so closely enveloped in her mourning dress, that he could not distinguish her figure or countenance.

On their arrival, he went to the house of his aunt, Mrs. Wallingford. As he entered, he encountered a female leaving the house, whom he thought he recognised as his invalid fellow passenger. After the first joyful meeting was over, he inquired of his aunt concerning her. She told him the lady was a stranger, had called on business, and would probably take up her abode at her house for a short time; that she was in affliction, and wished to be perfectly retired.

So far, Geraldine's plan succeeded even beyond her expectations. She had hastened to Mrs. Wallingford immediately on her arrival, and engaged the good lady entirely in her interest.

Mrs. Wallingford had drawn from him an avowal of his marriage, and the events which followed. She assured him that Geraldine might have listened in tears to the farewell of her young lover, and even thrown herself into his arms at parting, and still be free from any feeling more tender than the relationship between them warranted. In short, she convinced him that he might have been mistaken, and certainly had been rash.

Fitzroy determined to return to America, and listen to the vindication he now began to repent not having listened to before, to hear his doom from Geraldine's lips, and to live near her. This resolution he immediately communicated to his aunt, who as promptly made it

known to Geraldine. Fitzroy was suddenly seized with a violent fever, which prevented his departure, and wore a threatening aspect. In the threatening paroxysm of his delirium, he raved for Geraldine, who at the moment was bending over him with all the agonizing solicitude of affection. At length his recollection returned, and again Geraldine became invisible. Once, when he slept, she stole to his pillow to gaze on his pale cheek and marble brow. Suddenly he awoke and Geraldine glided away. His fancy dwelt on the receding figure, and he inquired what beautiful visitant watched his slumbers. His aunt tried to evade his inquiries, but Fitzroy still dwelt on the vision he had seen. 'It wears,' said he, 'the figure of my own deserted love.' As Fitzroy's health returned, his desire to revisit America acquired new force.

'I will no longer delay,' said he to his kind friend; 'I feel a conviction that my wife is innocent—that she still loves me. Let me hasten to expiate my crime, and if possible, atone to her for my cruel desertion.' 'Wait only one week,' returned she, 'and if you still persist in your resolution, I promise to be the companion of your voyage; nay, even my secluded guest, the visitant of your sick couch, shall accompany us.'

Fitzroy started; 'tell me,' he exclaimed, 'who is this mysterious being. Her face I could not see, but her figure, her step, her floating hair—can there be two such forms? Often I imagined, during my illness, that the soft voice of Geraldine addressed me. It was a strange delusion!'

'If you look into the garden,' said his venerable friend, 'you will again see your fellow passenger. She is walking there.'

Fitzroy looked. The lady was no longer enveloped in her impervious covering, but her sylph-like form, the same he had seen in his chamber, appeared in all its symmetry. The dark golden ringlets were unconfined, and all except the pensive, measured step, reminded him of Geraldine. She turned, and Fitzroy sunk almost fainting on his seat.

'It is herself!' he wildly exclaimed—'my own deserted wife!'

Brief and rapturous were the explanations that followed; Geraldine was clasped in the arms of her repentant lover.—Both had suffered severely; but now mutual confidence succeeded to jealousy and suspense. Generous pity and sincere respect filled his heart towards the high minded youth who had proved himself so worthy to be the friend of his beloved companion.

'Alas! my Geraldine,' he said, 'Montgarnier suffered severely enough in loving you, and to those sufferings I added scorn and revilings. Had it not been for his noble forbearance, I should not thus have held thee.'

'Ah! but for *him*,' answered she, 'I could not have followed you, and thus have made MY EXPIATION.'

From the Ladies Companion.

Scenes at Washington.

'COME, Alice, you have been gazing into that tree long enough to have counted its leaves. See, your carriage is waiting. Where shall we drive this afternoon? You will say to the banks of the Anacosta for a romantic ramble—I say to the Capitol-grounds, to mix in the throng of Washington fashionables and their lions. I am your guest, you know, and therefore must have my will;' and as she spoke Isabel Warnham playfully placed the simple straw bonnet upon Alice's fair locks, and casting a farewell glance at the drawing-room mirror, followed her friend to the carriage. As the glittering vehicle stopped at one of the gates of the beautiful grounds which surround the Capitol, and which, with good taste, the citizens have chosen for an evening promenade, several gentlemen were seen hastily advancing to assist the ladies in alighting, and to attend them during their walk. Alice Meriton was the heiress of a fine estate near the city of Washington, upon which she resided with her mother. A pretty delicate creature, surrounded by attached slaves, she had never experienced any very strenuous opposition to her most fanciful desires; and as she had been educated in the convent at Georgetown, she had, like many of the young girls in the vicinity, acquired an attachment to the Catholic religion, and all its picturesque observances so captivating to a young and romantic mind. Novels or books of devotion formed her only library, and the constant perusal of these had induced a retiring and romantic disposition, which rendered the homage paid to her wealth an annoyance, rather than a pleasure to her. Isabel was from one of the northern states, and consequently a different creature, she was poor, and, although beautiful, she had early been taught the importance of useful and ornamental accomplishments, and indeed, perceiving with the peculiar tact of our northern damsels, that a graceful manner and Parisian bonnet were the sum total of the beauty of many a belle; she had adopted both, and at home was the charm of a circle of admiring friends, who had persuaded her to accept a warm invitation from her early friend, Alice, to pass a month with her, and, as they secretly hoped, to dazzle the heterogeneous world of the metropolis. After they had chatted with their acquaintances, paused to admire the sunset view of the widely extended city beneath their feet; the majestic Potomac; the wooded hills which rise behind the city, and near them the noble Capitol with its proud porticoes and sweeping terraces, they re-en-

tered the carriage to return to Meriton Hall, leaving two or three of their most assiduous beaux bowing at the gate.

'One, who wore the uniform of the Marine corps, burst into a laugh, and exclaimed—'Well, Frank, how did you like the heiress?'

'Oh charming! So witty, so sensible, so elegant!'

'Oh! such a good joke!' cried the Lieutenant, laughing again. 'I meant to have let you alone until after the ball, but I cannot keep it to myself.'

'What charming joke is this, Manton? Pray enlighten me.'

'Well, Frank, the truth is, the light-haired girl is the heiress, and not the pretty dark eyed one to whom I introduced you. I wanted to get into Miss Meriton's good graces, and as I feared the effect of your sentimental eyes, I put you upon the wrong scent.'

'Charles Manton!' exclaimed the mortified dandy, 'I thought, you had more friendship for me. Here I have wasted an hour upon a girl without a cent—exhausted my most brilliant speeches—practised my most striking attitudes—when I might have attended the Secretary's daughter, or, at least, pursued my acquaintance with Mrs. S——, who gives such charming parties.' And Frank Hall was walking away, highly offended at such unkind treatment, when the young officer proposed, as a peace-offering, to introduce his injured companion to the dashing lady of one of the Auditor's who was just alighting from her carriage.

'Oh, Isabel when will this whirl of gaiety cease?' sighed Alice as she threw off her shawl on their return from a party, and seated herself at a window in the moonlight. 'It is almost June, and still we must spend our evenings in a crowded apartment, instead of breathing the sweet air of the groves. I wish Congress would adjourn and leave us to our quiet life again.'

'Dear Alice, do you find it so hard to obey your mother's wishes, and mix in society where you are so much courted and admired?' said Isabel, rather sadly.

'I am so weary with dancing!—are you not, Isabel?'

'I—I have not danced much lately.'

'Why do you not? you have always liked it more than I.'

'Because,' replied Isabel proudly; 'no one asks me.'

'Dear Isabel! and I have been so selfish, so entirely occupied with my own vexations or pleasures that I have not noticed it.'

'You could not avoid it, Alice, you have been so much surrounded. At first I was noticed as your guest, but now, as I have no other claim to distinction than my own merits, I yield to those who have.' Isabel was vexed—it was plain, and Alice vainly endeavored

to convince her it was the effect of accident—of anything which might sooth her wounded vanity; but Isabel continued: 'And Lieutenant Manton introduces me to all the vain coxcombs in the room, that he may attend you more exclusively. Oh! Alice, and what do you think I overheard him say this evening as I stood behind him coming from the supper-room? 'Here James, you are a stranger, and want to dance—I will introduce you to Miss Warnham, a pretty nobody, who will be thankful for any attention.' 'You may imagine I did not receive his knight very graciously, and therefore danced no more.'

'But Isabel, you must be mistaken—he could not have meant you. Oh, if you knew him as well as I do—his sentiments are so noble, and he possesses so much refinement, and enters so entirely into all my ideas, and is so considerate and attentive to my wishes!'

'And loves you so well too. Does he not say so, Alice?'

Alice blushed, and faltered—'He does.'

Isabel was startled. She had spoken thoughtlessly, for she dreamed not that matters were so far advanced; but as she glanced at the agitated countenances of her friend, she perceived that the doubtful attachment which the ambitious young man professed, was more than returned by the affectionate and confiding Alice. Isabel said no more, but kissing her friend, she retired to her own apartment, convinced by her knowledge of Alice's character, that any attempt to undeceive her by argument were superfluous. Beautiful and accomplished, the idol of her own circle in a small town in Connecticut, Isabel was ill prepared to contend for distinction with the 'aristocracy' of the South; and, in spite of her better reason, felt sensibly the obscurity of her situation in the metropolis, and as Mrs. Meriton had taken a whim that Alice and Manton should not marry until he had attained the rank of captain in his corps, which might not occur within a year, Isabel determined to return to her native town.

Judge Lawcourt was a wealthy and childless widower, and his niece, Isabel Warnham, a poor orphan. What more natural that he should make her his heiress? He did so, upon the condition that she should take his name, and consider herself, in all respects, as his daughter. Her early childhood had been passed at boarding-school, a short distance from him; and as she had been intrusted, at her parents' death, to the care of a maiden aunt, he had thought little of her existence, until after her return from Washington, when, feeling the want of a female companion, he had sought her out to cheer his lonely household. The Judge was one of the warmest politicians in Connecticut, and an active and valuable friend of the government; and when, the following year, he was

appointed a member of the United States Senate, his fellow citizens congratulated themselves upon the luster which would reflect upon them from his brilliant talents and energetic mind. Isabel was to accompany him, and rejoicing in the prospect of being once more near her friend Alice, whom she supposed was already a bride, she cheerfully consented to return to the scene of gaiety although not entirely forgetful of her former disappointment.

'A letter from Alice—how delightful! I suppose to inform me of her marriage!' and Isabel eagerly commenced the perusal of the following letter:—

MY DEAREST FRIEND: To you only can I express the agony of my heart. Ah, all my hopes of happiness have fled! To-day I hoped to have been the bride of one whom my heart singled out from all who addressed me—one, whose soul I pictured to myself as the counterpart of my own, and whose hopes I blindly thought, were fixed on me alone. But, ah! dearest Isabel, why did I not see him as you did? Worldly, heartless, and false! Forgive me if I write hurriedly and wildly. I will strive to tell you all. Two days ago he was obliged, by some military duty, to leave me for a day. He wrote to me, and also to Frank Hall. But it seems as if fate had ordained that he should betray himself to me, as well as to you; for, in his haste, he addressed Frank's letter to me, and mine, I suppose, to Frank. Isabel, I will transcribe it literally:—'Friend in iniquity: I wish you would satisfy that dun of a tailor for me in any way you can, for I shall get hold of some of Alice's property soon, and I am sure I deserve it, for all my patience and perseverance. I am almost run out—credit and all; but hope to hold out some days longer. You need not be concerned about my engagement with Mary Launer, I have not taken the trouble to break it, to be sure, but she will see my marriage in the paper, and that will be time enough. You know she has no father or brothers to bother me. I always take care of that.'

'Oh Isabel! I cannot bear that the world should know how base he is. I have promised him that I will not divulge the cause of our separation, and you also, my friend, must aid me to keep it secret. Say I am odd—say anything, but that I loved *such* a man. He has gone to a distant station. A. M.'

Isabel wept long and bitterly over her friend's touching letter. She mourned that she could not be near to console her, or that she was not a man to avenge her. But the time approached for her departure, and in the bustle of her preparations, which, according to her uncle's desire and liberal allowance, were made on an extensive scale, Isabel strove to forget her friend's sorrows, in the hope of meeting and consoling her.

'Indeed, Mr. Hall, you must stop a little while. I am positively weary promenading around these immense rooms, with such a variety of splendid dresses and brilliant lights around me. I am sure the President never had such an elegant party before.'

'My dear young lady,' replied Frank to the pretty girl that was leaning on his arm. 'You may venture to occupy a part of one of these inviting sofas, although our tyrant fashion has ordained that all must stand, walk or dance.'

'Well, now that we are so comfortably settled, tell me the news of the evening. Why does Governor G——— seem so much occupied with that young lady in white satin and emeralds? I declare he is going to waltz with her! and at his age too. Who *can* she be?'

'It is plain, Miss ——, that you have been absent from the city some time, or you must have heard of the charming Miss Lawcourt, who is winning all hearts. She is the piece of the new Senator from Connecticut, and heiress of his immense wealth.'

'So it appears. What a crowd of admirers she has around her. Quite *the ton* I declare. And Judge Lawcourt is a widower, I believe,' said the young lady, rising to obtain another glance at the new arrivals. 'Ah, there is Mrs. Meriton,' she continued; 'once more in the gay world. What could have induced her pretty daughter, Alice, to have joined the Sisters of Charity? and just at the meeting of Congress, when every one anticipated such a gay season.'

Frank Hall let his glove fall, and sought for it while the lady ran on. 'By-the-by, Mr. Hall, you ought to know something about that affair, you were intimate with Captain Manton, when Alice so strangely changed her mind about marrying, and then undertook to devote her life to teaching orphans, and disguised her fair face beneath the horrid hood of the Sisters, and her graceful form in their clumsy cloth dress.'

'She was always very odd and romantic,' murmured Frank.

'Ah, true. And I hear that Captain Manton has returned to Washington.'

'He arrived this morning. I have not yet seen him, but expect him to meet me here to-night. I see him seeking for me in the crowd. Excuse me if I leave you. Your brother is approaching.'

Frank made his way impatiently through the brilliant throng towards his friend, whom he found gazing in astonishment at their old acquaintance, Isabel, whom he perceived surrounded by the proudest of the nation, conversing with members of the foreign legations in their native languages, and heard, from time to time, exclamations of—'how charming,'—'so much wit,'—'and such taste

in dress;' for now none of Isabel's attractions were unobserved.

After the first greeting had passed between the young men, Manton exclaimed: 'Pray, Frank, what does this mean? I fear I have made a sad mistake. When I first entered the room I saw Miss Warnham leaning upon the arm of an elderly gentleman, and, as I was in haste to be presented to the elegant Miss Lawcourt, of whom I have heard so much to-day, I passed her, rather rudely, I confess, with a slight bow. Now I see her, apparently, the star of the evening. Explain to me this riddle.'

Frank related the cause of this change, which appeared to his auditor perfectly natural and satisfactory, and all his anxiety was now directed to repair his negligence. 'But Captain, do you think she knows anything about Alice's affair?'

'Nothing, I assure you. Alice determined to keep it secret for her own sake, and no one suspects a word.'

Thus encouraged, they approached to render homage to the belle. Isabel was too sensible to attribute the admiration which she excited to her own charms alone, for she was aware that she had changed very little since her first appearance in the same scenes; but the daily increasing distinction conferred upon her, through her uncle's influence, was momentarily pleasing, and she derived much amusement from the study of character now opened to her. Alice's determination to forsake a world for which she found herself unfitted by the severe trial to which her gentle spirit had been brought, was a bitter disappointment to Isabel; and the more she reflected upon her fate, the more she became possessed with a desire to avenge her injuries. Isabel visited her friend constantly in her retreat, and was almost vexed with the apparent composure with which Alice, now Sister Clementina, fulfilled the arduous duties shared by the noble-minded sisterhood, cheered by heartfelt devotion to their mind-enthraling religion. Among all her former acquaintances, Isabel looked round with the most interest for the obscure artist, Henry Shirley, who had formerly been constantly at hand to relieve her from an unpleasant situation, or attend her in a crowd. Now she saw him but rarely—occasionally, while in the Senate gallery listening to Judge Lawcourt's eloquent speeches, she could perceive his dark eyes fixed upon her from the opposite side; or, upon returning from a ride, find a bouquet for the evening party, with his card; but at the scene of gaiety her eye roved in vain to distinguish his graceful form, or if they did by chance meet, he scarcely addressed her, unless she invited him to her side. In the meanwhile Captain Manton's attentions to Isabel became every day more assiduous. If

she joined the ladies of her circle in their favorite lounge at the fashionable dry-good shops of the city, he was near to turn over the laces, or decide upon the color of her next dress. If a slight fall of snow set the Washington world on runners, his was the only establishment rich enough in bells to make a jingle fit for a Northern ear; and his fleet ponies were first at her door. And Isabel—could she have forgotten the past? Isabel always received him with a smile, listened to his glowing words with a varying blush—and in short, it was soon made known that she had consented to bestow her expected thousands and her own charming self, upon the handsome Captain Manton.

'How very soon! only a few weeks since she arrived; and the first offer I understand.'

'How could the Judge allow it?' Thus spoke the world while the wedding arrangements were making, and the day speedily arrived. Isabel decided upon inviting a large number of guests, and the bride's will was law. Young Captain Manton was in ecstasy at his success; and Frank Hall declared, in a tone of vexation, that if a man were handsome he needed no other qualification to marry Donna Maria herself. Judge Lawcourt's spacious apartments were filled with guests, the Reverend Mr. — had arrived, the groom, in a dazzling new uniform, awaited the appearance of the bride. She comes at length, simply attired in muslin, and takes her place at the end of the room. The Clergyman approached to commence the ceremony, when Isabel begged him to delay a few minutes, while she explained some circumstances to her friends, of which they were ignorant.

'I believe you will all agree with me,' said she, 'that when a foul wrong is done in private, and the perpetrator of it enjoys the favor of the public, to the exclusion of more honorable persons, that it is a great injustice. I have long known such a case, and have been, until lately, under a promise to keep it a secret. Now, with my uncle's permission, I will divulge it as a punishment to the guilty. This young man,' pointing to the bewildered groom, 'bears a good character among you. Some years ago he declared an attachment to a poor orphan without any intention of carrying it beyond a jest; and boasted that he had taken care to ascertain that she had no father or brothers to trouble him, when he should choose to undeceive her! She is now dying. During this engagement, when he found himself on the point of ruin from dissipation, he formed another with a young lady of fortune in order to pay his debts with her property after his marriage. She accidentally discovered his intention and dismissed him; but, from mistaken delicacy, kept the cause of their separation a secret. I have also good reason to know that his suddenly professed

attachment to me arises from no purer motives; and thus I publicly reject him. Can you deny these things, Sir?' she added, turning proudly to the agitated Captain Manton.

He strove some minutes to speak, but conscience struck, and perceiving the uselessness of a weak defence, he covered his face and rushed from the room. That evening the eccentric Isabel was married to her unprejudiced lover, Henry Shirley, to whom she had been secretly engaged. The marriage preparations, she, with his and her uncle's consent, had allowed to go on in the name of Captain Manton, in order, as she said, 'to punish him for his dastardly and cruel conduct.'

Captain Manton was never again seen in Washington, having been privately advised to resign his commission in the Marine corps. Sister Clementina has regularly renewed her vows every year, resisting all Isabel's entreaties to return to the world; and, while actively performing her charitable duties, has received that 'peace of mind,' which the world had failed to bestow. S. C. S.

TRAVELING SKETCHES.

Loiterings of Travel.

BY N. P. WILLIS.

THE STREETS OF LONDON.

Early morning rambles—people abroad at that hour—shabby-genteel eating-houses at the West End—their frequenters—the region of French and Italian exiles—second-hand fashionable finery shops—the squalid misery of the inhabitants between the town and city—the Strand, the main artery of the world.

It has been said 'that few men know *how* to take a walk.' In London it requires some experience to know *where* to take a walk. The taste of the perambulator, the hour of the day, and the season of the year, would each affect materially the decision of the question.

If you are up early—I mean early for London—say ten o'clock—we would start from your hotel in Bond-street, and hastening through Regent-street and the Quadrant, (deserts at that hour,) strike into the zigzag of thronged alleys, cutting transversely from Coventry-street to Covent-garden. The horses on the cab-stand in the Hay-market, 'are at this hour asleep.' The late supper-eaters at Dubourg's and the *Cafe de L'Europe* were the last infliction upon their galled withers, and while dissipation slumbers they may find an hour to hang their heads upon the bit, and forget gall and spavin in the sunshiny drowse of morning. The cab-man, too, nods on his perch outside, careless of the custom of 'them as pays only their fare,' and quite sure not to get 'a gemman to drive' at that unseasonable hour. The 'waterman'—(called a *waterman*, as he will tell you, 'because he

gives *hay* to the 'orses')—leans against the gas lamp at the corner, looking with the vacant indifference of habit at the splendid coach with its four blood bays just starting from the Brighton coach-office in the Crescent. The side-walk of Coventry-street, usually radiant with the flaunting dresses of the frail and vicious, is now sober with the dull habiliments of the early stirring and the poor. The town—(for this is *town*, not *city*)—beats its more honest pulse. Industry alone is abroad.

Rupert-street on the left is the haunt of shabby-genteel poverty. To its low-doored chop-houses steal after dusk the more needy loungers of Regent-street, and in confined and greasy, but separate and exclusive boxes, they eat their mutton-shop and potato, unseen of their gayer acquaintances. Here comes the half-pay officer, whose half-pay is halved or quartered with wife and children, to drink his solitary half pint of sherry, and over a niggard portion of soup and vegetables, recall, as well as he may in imagination, the gay dinners at mess, and the companions now grown cold—in death or worldliness! Here comes the sharper out of luck, the debtor newly out of prison. And here comes many a 'gay fellow about town,' who will dine to-morrow, or may have dined yesterday, at a table of unsparing luxury, but who now turns up Rupert-street at seven, cursing the mischance that draws upon his own slender pocket for the dinner of to-day. Here are found the watchful host and the suspicious waiter—the closely-measured wine, and the more closely-measured attention—the silent and shrinking company, the close-drawn curtain, the suppressed call for the bill, the lingering at the table of those who value the retreat and the shelter to recover from the embarrassing recognition and the objectless saunter through the streets. The ruin, the distress, the despair, that wait so closely upon the heels of fashion, pass here with their victims. It is the last step within the bounds of respectability. They still live 'at the West End,' while they dine in Rupert-street. They may still linger in the Park, or stroll in Bond-street till their better-fledged friends flit to dinner at the clubs, and within a stone's throw of the luxurious tables and the gay mirth they so bitterly remember, sit down to an ill-dressed meal, and satisfy the calls of hunger in silence. Ah, the outskirts of the bright places in life are darker for the light that shines so near them! How much sweeter is the coarsest meal shared with the savage in the wilderness, than the comparative comfort of cooked meats and wine in a neighborhood like this!

Come through this narrow lane into Leicester Square. You cross here the first limit of the fashionable quarter. The Sabloniere Hotel is in this square, but you may not give

it as your address unless you are a foreigner. There is the home of that most miserable fish out of water—a Frenchman in London. A bad French hotel, and two or three execrable French restaurants, make this spot of the metropolis the most habitable to the exiled *habitué* of the Palais Royal. Here he gets a mocking imitation of what, in any possible degree, is better than the *saucy biftek*, or the half-raw mutton-chop and barbarous boiled potato! Here he comes forth, if the sun shine perchance for one hour at noon, and paces up and down on the side-walk trying to get the better of his bile and his bad breakfast. Here waits for him at three the shabby, but most expensive *remise* cab, hired by the day for as much as would support him a month in Paris. And here prowls about in search of his frogged coat and his inexperience, those unfortunate daughters of sin who are too far reduced in health and beauty to attract notice from their own more difficult and more liberal countrymen. Leicester Square is the place for conjurors, bird-fanciers, showmen, and generally for every foreign novelty in the line of nostrums and marvels. If there is a dwarf in London, or a child with two heads, or a learned pig, you will see one or all in that building, so radiant with placards, and so thronged with beggars.

Come on through Cranbourne Alley. Old clothes, second-hand stays, *idem* shawls, capes, collars and ladies articles of ornamental wear generally; cheap straw bonnets, old books, gingerbread and stationary! Look at this once-expensive and finely-worked muslin cape! What fair shoulders did it adorn when these dingy flowers were new—when this fine lace-edging bounded some heaving bosom perhaps like frost-work on the edge of a snow-drift. It has been the property of some minion of elegance and wealth, vicious or virtuous, and by what hard necessity came it here? Ten to one, could it speak, its history would keep us standing at this shop window, indifferent alike to the curious glances of these passing damsels and the gentle eloquence of the Jew on the other side, who pays us the unflattering compliment of suggesting an improvement in our toilette by the purchase of the half-worn habiliments he exposes. I like Cranbourne Alley, because it reminds me of Venice. The half-daylight between the high and overhanging roofs, the just audible hum of voices and occupation from the different shops, the shuffling of hasty feet over the smooth flags, and particularly the absence of horses and wheels, make it (in all but the damp air and the softer speech) a fair resemblance to those close passages in the rear of the canals between St. Mark's and the Rialto. Then I like studying a pawnbroker's window, and I like ferreting in the old book-stalls that abound here. It is a good lesson

in humility for an author to see what he can be bought for in Cranbourne Alley. Some 'gentle reader,' who has paid a guinea and a-half for you, has re-sold you for two-and-sixpence. For three shillings you may have the three volumes, 'as good as new,' and the shopman, by his civility, pleased to be rid of it on these terms. If you will console yourself, however, buy Milton for one-and-sixpence, and credit your vanity with the eighteen pence of the remainder.

The labyrinth of alleys between this and Covent-garden are redolent of poverty and pot-house. In crossing St. Martin's Lane, life appears to have become suddenly a struggle and a calamity. Turbulent and dirty women are everywhere visible through the open windows, the half-naked children at the doors look already care-worn and incapable of a smile, and the men throng the gin shops, bloated, surly and repulsive. Hurry through this leprous spot in the vast body of London, and let us emerge in the Strand.

You would think London Strand the main artery of the world. I suppose there is no thoroughfare on the face of the earth where the stream of human life runs with a tide so overwhelming. In any other street in the world you catch the eye of the passer-by. In the Strand, no man sees another except as a solid body, whose contact is to be avoided. You are safe nowhere on the pavement without all vigilance of your senses. Omnibuses and cabs, drays, carriages, wheelbarrows and porters beset the street. Newspaper hawkers, pickpockets, shop-boys, coal-heavers and a perpetual and selfish crowd dispute the side-walk. If you venture to look at a print in a shop-window, you arrest the tide of passengers, who immediately walk over you; and, if you stop to speak with a friend, who by chance has run his nose against yours rather than another man's, you impede the way, and are made to understand it by the force of jostling. If you would get into an omnibus you are quarreled for by half-a-dozen who catch your eye at once, and after using all your physical strength and most of your discrimination, you are most probably embarked in the wrong one, and are going at ten miles the hour to Blackwall, when you are bound to Islington. A Londoner passes his life in learning the most adroit mode of threading a crowd, and escaping compulsory journeys in cabs and omnibuses; and dine with any man in that metropolis from twenty-five to sixty years of age, and he will entertain you from the soup to the Curacao with his hair-breadth escapes and difficulties with cabs and coach-drivers.

POETRY.—An English punster being asked why the best poets were obliged to write prose, answered, 'Because poetry is *prose-scribed*.'

MISCELLANY.

Early Frugality.

In early childhood you lay the foundation of poverty or riches, in the habits you give your children. Teach them to save every thing; not for their own use for that would make them selfish—but for *some use*.—Teach them to share everything with their playmates; but never allow them to destroy any thing. I once visited a family where the most exact economy was observed; yet nothing was mean or uncomfortable. It is the character of true economy to be as comfortable with a little as others are with much. In this family, when the father brought home a package, the older children would of their own accord, put away the paper and twine neatly instead of throwing them in the fire; or tearing them to pieces. If the little ones wanted a piece of twine to spin a top, there it was in readiness, and when they threw it upon the floor, the older children had no need to be *told* to put it again in its place.

Judge Marshall's respect for the Female Sex.

THE following is an extract from Judge Story's Eulogy upon his character; which was one of the noblest that ever adorned our country.—*Philadelphia Gazette*.

'May I be permitted also in this presence to allude to another trait in his character, which lets us at once into the inmost recesses of his feelings with an unerring certainty. I allude to the high value in which he held the female sex, as the friends, the companions, and the equals of man—I do not here mean to refer to the courtesy and delicate kindness with which he was accustomed to treat the sex, but rather to the unaffected respect with which he spoke of their accomplishments, their talents, their virtues and their excellencies, the scoffs and jeers of the morose, the bitter taunts of the satirist, and the lighter ridicule of the witty, so profusely, and often so ungenerously poured out upon the transient follies and fashions, found no sympathy in his bosom. He was still farther above the common place flatteries, by which frivolity seeks to administer aliment to personal vanity, or vice to make its approaches for baser purposes. He spoke to the sex when present, as he spoke of them when absent, in language of just appeal to their understandings, their tastes, and their duties. He paid a voluntary homage to their genius, and to the beautiful productions of it, which now adorn almost every branch of literature and learning. He read their productions with a glowing gratitude. He loudly proclaimed their merits, and vindicated on all occasions their claims to the highest distinction. And he did not hesitate to assign to the great female authors of our day,

a rank not inferior to that of the most gifted and polished of the other sex. But above all, he delighted to dwell upon the admirable adaptation of their minds, and sensibilities, and affections, to the exalted duties assigned to them by Providence. Their superior purity, their singleness of heart, their exquisite perception of moral and religious sentiment, their maternal devotedness, their uncomplaining sacrifices, their fearlessness in duty, buoyancy in hope, their courage in despair, their love, which triumphs most when most pressed by dangers and difficulties, which watches by the couch of sickness and smooths the bed of death; and smiles even in the agonies of its own sufferings—these were the favorite topics of his confidential conversation, and on these he expatiated with an enthusiasm which showed them to be present in his daily meditations.

CHURCH MUSIC.—Some mischievous wag having greased the spectacles of a clerk of the church, the latter, on attempting to give out the hymn, imagining that his eye-sight was failing him, exclaimed with his usual twang:

'My eyes are blind, I cannot see.'

The people mistaking this for a part of the hymn began immediately to sing it; whereupon the clerk, wishing to correct them, continued:

I cannot see at all.

Which being also sung, he drawled out with somewhat less monotony:

'Indeed my eyes are very blind.'

This being sung, too, the clerk out of all patience, exclaimed:

'The devil's in you all.'

As this appeared to rhyme very well, the singers finished the stanza:

'My eyes are blind, I cannot see,

'I cannot see at all;

'Indeed my eyes are very blind,

The d—l's in you all.'

Opinion and Judgment,

DEPEND very much upon disposition and interest.—For example, two persons once traveled the same road at the same time, but at the end of the journey gave a very different account of the state of the road.—One said it was a good road as need to be; the other said it was the worst he ever saw; and each showed the condition of his boots as a sort of confirmation of his opinion. But then the truth was that one of the travelers had picked the best of the road, the other, for some reason had picked the worst of it—walking through every mud hole, and over every rough place he could find.

So it is with two classes of mankind, in forming an opinion of, and pronouncing judgment upon the general character of their

fellow men. One says the world of mankind is good enough—as good as need to be; he has been particular in picking his road through the world; another is continually growling and grumbling—says the world is a bad one—that every body is dishonest and not to be trusted; this character seeks, in his travels, the mud holes and rough places in the road, and of course when he seeks them he finds them.—Perhaps the true philosophy of life is, to be *right ourselves*, in the first place, so far as knowledge and opportunity will enable us, and in the second place to make the best of men and things around us. The idea that all is well around us is very gratifying to a well disposed mind, whilst on the other hand the suspicion or belief, that all are dishonest and treacherous around us, whether founded on fact or not, is a constant source of uneasiness and trouble.—Which of these courses is the wisest, is a question for debate; which is best calculated to promote individual happiness, is self evident.—*Blairsville Rec.*

SELF-FLATTERY.—We find a momentary gratification in the indulgence of appetite, or in obeying the dictates of our passions, and our wills, and forget the lessons of reason or of revelation. We bring disease and misfortune upon ourselves, and we are so prone to self-flattery as well as self-indulgence, that we say, 'I could not avoid it; I obeyed the dictates of nature.' Thus we charge our Creator. The intemperate man says,—'I only seek the gratifications which nature points out or makes necessary;' he fires his blood with wine and brandy, and then flies to the haunts of impurity.—Still he says, 'I have these impulses from nature. If strife and murder, or disease and death follow, all must of course be charged on nature. There is no evil which man brings upon himself by his own selfishness, that he does not endeavor to impute to necessity, fate, nature, or the Creator of the universe.—*Dunlap.*

MULTIPLICATION.—The secret of multiplying the inner garment is given in a newspaper, and a very desirable art many may esteem it. The story on which the scrap is founded, bears a family likeness to that of Toney Le Brun the player, whose wife, when his one shirt was past all washing, hung it up on the garden fence, and dashed a bucket of water over it.

'As Bays, whose end of poverty was dashed,
Lay snug in bed while his one shirt was washed,
The dame appeared, and holding it to view,
Said, 'If 'tis washed again, 'twill wash in two.'
'Indeed!' cries Bays, 'then wash it, pray, good cousin—
And wash it, if you can, into a dozen!'

The true economy of house keeping is, simply the art of gathering up all the fragments, so that nothing be lost. I mean fragments

of time as well as matters. Nothing should be thrown away as long as it is possible to make any use of it, however trifling it may be, and whatever may be the size of a family, every member should be employed either in earning or saving money.

TRUTH is always consistent with itself, and needs nothing to help it out. It is always near at hand, and sitteth upon our lips, and is ready to drop out before we are aware; whereas a lie is troublesome, and sets a man's invention on the rack; and needs many more to make it good.—*Tillotson.*

'How the deuce happened you to lose your leg?' said an impudent, inquisitive dog, the other day, to a person who was stumping along the street, with but one leg. 'Why,' says he, 'it is very vulgar now to walk on two legs—every body does it; so I took mine off to be different from the vulgar herd.'

BOOKS AND WOMAN.—A good book and a good woman are excellent things for those who know how justly to appreciate their value. There are men, however, who judge of both from the beauty of the covering.

A SMART ANSWER.—A gentlemen recently traveling in the country, called out to a boy, 'Where does this road go to, my lad?' 'Well, I don't know where it goes, but it's always here when I come along.'

Letters Containing Remittances,

Received at this Office, ending Wednesday last, deducting the amount of Postage paid.

J. L. G. Danville, N. Y. \$1.00; C. W. B. Stockport, N. Y. \$3.00; E. B. K. Galena, Ill. \$3.00; J. M. J. Hillsdale, N. Y. \$1.00; J. V. V. Peterboro', N. Y. \$1.00; J. I. T. Burlington, Vt. \$1.00; J. M. Rochester, Vt. \$2.00; P. M. Ira, N. Y. \$5.00; F. B. Brainard's Bridge, N. Y. \$5.00; C. B. Chatham 4 Corners, N. Y. \$1.00; R. C. Valatie, N. Y. \$1.00; S. B. Canaan, Ct. \$2.00; H. B. Ballston Spa, N. Y. \$5.00; P. M. Marshall, N. Y. \$0.50; P. M. Essex, Ms. \$2.00; C. C. Moravia, N. Y. \$1.00; W. D. D. Marianna, Fl. T. \$0.75; P. M. Stokes, N. Y. \$10.00.

MARRIED,

At Troy, on the 12th inst. by the Rev. Dr. Butler, Darius Peck, Esq. Recorder of this city, to Miss Harriet M. Hudson, of Troy.

At Livingston, 6th inst. by the Rev. Mr. Van Waggoner, Mr. Rensselaer N. Still of the firm of Thorn & Still of Bethlehem, to Miss Frances, daughter of Moncrief Livingston, Esq. of the former place.

At Spencertown, on the 14th inst. by the Rev. Mr. Whitney, Horace B. Dresser, Esq. Counsellor at law, of New York, to Miss Lucy, daughter of Erastus Pratt, Esq. of the former place.

In Chatham, on the 7th inst. by the Rev. J. Berger, Mr. John T. Vosburgh, of Ghent, to Miss Sophia Bowman, of the former place.

DIED,

In this city, on the 8th inst. Mrs. Eliza B. Crawford, wife of Mr. George Crawford, and daughter of the late Walter T. Livingston of Clermont, aged 42 years.

On the 21st inst. Mr. Richard Bolles, aged 77 years.

On the 11th inst. Mr. Abraham Perry, aged 80 years.

On the 13th inst. Martha Ann, daughter of John and Maria Hamlin.

On the 20th inst. Sarah, daughter of Robert and Sarah Smith, in the 5th year of her age.

At Athens, on the 7th inst. Mr. Frederick Evarts, aged 35 years.

At Staten Island, on the 13th inst. Col. Aaron Burr, formerly Vice President of the United States, in the 81st year of his age.

At New Lebanon, on the 1st inst. John King, Esq. formerly Sheriff of this county and member of Congress from this district, aged 62 years.



ORIGINAL POETRY.

For the Rural Repository.

Adieu to Childhood.

'Time ceases not his course—but yesterday
And I was in my childhood—happy age!

Dreams of my infancy and are you fled?
Visions of joy, shall I behold you never?
Lost, gone like wild-flowers wreathed around the dead,
Or lovers' lips that meet to part forever!

SWEET childhood, to thy blissful days
Reluctant now I bid adieu;
Henceforth in manhood's care-worn ways
Life's pilgrimage I must pursue.

Alas! how little did I think,
When basking in thy sunny smile—
At thy sweet fount when I did drink—
That thou wert flying swift the while.

But now thou art forever past,
Thou fountain of exquisite bliss;
Thy pleasures were too sweet to last
In such a changing world as this.

And, ah! how often shall I grieve
That thou'st forever from me flown,
For now thy dear haunts I must leave,
In regions far remote to roam.

Yes, from thy hallowed scenes afar,
In unknown climes I'm doomed to stray,
Without a guide, a friendly star,
To keep me from temptation's way.

No parents kind will there be near,
To guard my footsteps—me caress;
Nor'll thy companions there appear,
To solace me in my distress!

And, oh! no more thy joyous hours
In cheerful frolics shall I spend;
No more shall sport in pleasure's bowers,
With many a much loved youthful friend.

But manhood's staff I now must take,
With it life's residue pursue,
Must all thy childish sports forsake,
And, weeping, bid thee now adieu!

RURAL BARD.

From the American Traveler.

Time.

CHIDE not the lingering hours of life,
Its toils will soon be o'er,
Its schemes of glory and of strife,
Its dreams and disappointments rife,
Will vex the heart no more—
And yet the very souls that grieve
A moment's weary track;
Perhaps in after years would give
A world to win it back.

Chide not the lingering lapse of Time,
Nor count its moments dull;
For soon the bell with mournful chime,
Will waft thy spirit to a clime,
More bright and beautiful;
A land where grief will never fling,
Its darkness on the soul!
Where faith and hope shall gladly wing
Their paths without control.

Chide not Time's slow and silent hours,
Though heavy they may seem;
The past has sought oblivion's shores—
The present which alone is ours,
Is passing like a dream;
And they who scarcely heed its track,
Or wish its course more fast,
With fruitless prayer may yet call back
One moment of the past.

Chide not a moment's weary flight
Too soon it speeds away;
And ever brings the hour of night—
And dimmer makes the feeble sight—
Then work while yet 'tis day;
Thus shall Life's morning ray depart,
Without one vain regret;
And death steal gladly on the heart
When life's bright sun hath set.

There is a beautiful moral in the following effusion, from
the ever sweet muse of Mrs. Sigourney.

The Lady-Bug and the Ant.

THE Lady-Bug sat in the rose's heart,
And smiled with pride and scorn,
As she saw a plain-drest Ant go by,
With a heavy grain of corn—
So she drew the curtains of damask round,
And adjusted her silken vest,
Making her glass of a drop of dew
That lay in the rose's breast.

Then she laughed so loud, that the Ant looked up,
And seeing her haughty face,
Took no more notice, but traveled on
At the same industrious pace:

But a sudden blast of Autumn came,
And rudely swept the ground,
And down the rose with the Lady Bug bent,
And scattered its leaves around.

Then the houseless Lady was much amazed,
For she knew not where to go,
And hoarse November's early blast
Had brought with it rain and snow:
Her wings were chilled and her feet were cold,
And she wished for the Ant's warm cell
And what she did, in the wintry storm,
I'm sure I cannot tell.

But the careful Ant was in her nest,
With her little ones by her side,
She taught them all, like herself to toil,
Nor mind the sneer of pride:—
And I thought, as I sat at the close of day,
Eating my bread and milk,
It was wiser to work and improve my time,
Than be idle and dress in silk.

'Pass on Relentless World!'

BY GEORGE LUNT.

SWIFTER and swifter, day by day,
Down Time's unquiet current hurled,
Thou passest on thy restless way,
Tumultuous and unstable world!
Thou passest on! time hath not seen
Delay upon thy hurried path;
And prayers and tears alike have been
In vain to stay thy course of wrath!

Thou passest on, and with thee go
The loves of youth—the cares of age;
And smiles and tears, and joy and wo
Are on thy history's troubled page!
There, every day, like yesterday,
Writes hopes that end in mockery!
But who shall tear the veil away
Before the abyss of things to be?

Thou passest on, and at thy side,
Even as a shade, Oblivion treads,
And o'er the dreams of human pride,
His misty shroud forever spreads;
Where all thy iron hand has traced
Upon that gloomy scroll to-day,
With records ages since effaced—
Like them shall live—like them decay.

Thou passest on—with thee, the vain,
That sport upon thy flaunting blaze,
Pride, framed of dust, and folly's train,
Who court thy love, and run thy ways;
But thou and I—and be it so—
Press onward to eternity;
Yet not together let us go
To that deep-voiced but shoreless sea;

Thou hast thy friends—I would have mine;
Thou hast thy thoughts—leave me my own!
I kneel not at thy gilded shrine—
I bow not at thy slavish throne!
I see them pass without a sigh;
They wake no swelling rapture now,
The fierce delights that fire thine eye—
The triumphs of thy haughty brow!

Pass on, relentless world!—I grieve
No more for all that thou hast riven;
Pass on, in God's name—only leave
The things thou never yet hast given:
A heart at ease—a mind at home—
Affections fixed above thy sway—
Faith set upon a world to come,
And patience through life's little day.

Lines

Written in a Sketch-book by a Printer.

With business so much pressed,
That, in a case like mine,
Scarcely a space is left
To justify a line.

Yet lest impressions wrong
Should meet a brother's view—
To me it should belong
To make the matter true—

That, when the hand now warm
Has printed its last sheet;
And when the lifeless form
The pulse has ceased to beat;

It may be taken down,
When, washed from every stain,
On heaven's own corner stone
To be imposed again.

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